

pressed me most was his even temperament. Everything might go dead wrong, difficulties seemingly insurmountable beset him, and yet he met each with a smile and cheerfully, with no evidence of anger or resentment, without use of profanity, proceeded and did overcome all obstacles. This man had conquered himself. I would place upon his monument, "Here lies a man who mastered himself, the greatest victory that a man can achieve." I refer to my dear old friend William N. Rude.

There is one more that during the past year has gone to his long home. At your meeting last year you learned of his skill in obtaining from a yoke of oxen their best efforts. You who read his obituary in the county papers will recall that when he was a Union soldier, at one time while on guard all the pickets but he were driven in. When he was rescued, he was asked why he did not come in with the others and his reply was "you put me out there to stay, did you not?" And he faithfully obeyed orders. Upon the monument of Ensign McMullen I would enscribe, "Here lies a faithful man."

As I look into your faces I see, not your smiling countenances, but those that occupied these pews fifty and sixty years ago. On the North side of the Church there always sat a short thick-set man. In the ordinary conversation he was deliberate, slow in action and speech, but when addressing the throne of grace his words came with lightning rapidity, clearly showing that he and his Maker were on intimate, loving terms. We, who listened failed to catch many of his words but I have no doubt that his loving Father caught every one. Good pious Edmund Randall.

There was another good man who sat in the Amen pew, or what would have been the amen pew in a Methodist church. I see him now as he entreated his brethren and sisters to renewed zeal in the worship of God Almighty, while with his right arm raised, his left eye shut and his head on one side and looking right toward Heaven, I was reminded of that line which reads "I will guide thee with mine eye." A thoughtful Christian gentleman, E. K. Norton.

There was a good deacon that occupied the pew directly ahead of my father's. I see him now listening earnestly to every word that fell from the mouth of the minister, with fingers intertwined and the only muscle that stirred was when his right thumb surmounted the left and the left the right until the final Amen of the long long sermon was said. My father Samuel Lee,